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The Assets of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York (organized 1843) exceed those of any other life insurance company in existence. They are over

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\$569,000,000

It has paid Policyholders over

which is more than any other life insurance company in the world has disbursed.

A policy in The Old Mutual gives a man or a woman that same of assurance which cannot be enjoyed under private investments.

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Is the silent worker whose company we seek. Bring us your savings; we will pay

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ONE DOLLAR

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we pay 3 per cent interest, and compound it semi-annually, or allow the depositor to withdraw it

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LOMBARD BUILDING

8,000 Delaware and Madison Counties Telephone Co. Bonds.....96

1,000 1st New Telephone Bonds.....96

75 shares New Telephone Stock.....

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Investments, Stocks, Bonds,

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Safe Deposit Vault.

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Absolute safety against fire and burglar. Po-

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trunks, Packages, etc. Contains 2,100 boxes.

Rent \$5 to \$45 Per Year.

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5 Per Cent. 20-Year Gold Bonds

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FRED W. SPACKER, Vice Pres. and Treas.

V. O. FOLKLE, Secretary.

We offer for sale \$100,000. These bonds

are in demand by the Government. We

offer them, subject to prior sale, at

par and accrued interest.

With a 25 Per Cent. Stock Bonus

The bonds will show investors large

profits.

Security Trust Company, Indianapolis.

Trustees for Bonds and Stocks.

Full information will be furnished on

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GRANGER FARWELL & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS.

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Members New York and Chicago Stock

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ALBERT R. THOMPSON, Mgr.

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"Phone Old Exchange 115."

MODERN METHODS

In the genuine article the largest proportion

## PRETTY MISS JONATHAN

PART II.

At Christmas Miss Kierman was the life and soul of the house party at the First. None of the solemn English people there assembled had met before with a novelist's creation in the flesh, and they were startled and charmed alternately. The men were enchanted, the women horrified. She charmed the first by her beauty and vivacity; she alarmed the last by her freedom of speech and disdain of conventionality. The possession of a fortune was necessary to account for the splendor of her dress. Perhaps Mrs. Scheveningen could have explained this last, as she had financed Matty to a considerable extent. But Mrs. Scheveningen was in New York, and in default of enlightenment the house party credited Matty with a large income. Such fictitious wealth added to her charm.

Leonard Conway was half pleased, half vexed, with his cousin. It was gratifying to his perspective that he had not been mistaken in his estimate of her character, appearance, demeanor and behavior. It was irritating that one so utterly at variance with his ideal of female excellence should be so attractive. Despite his thirty years and knowledge of the world and high standard as to what qualities were requisite for a wife Leonard found himself strongly drawn towards this scatter-brained creature, who satisfied him on no point, yet attracted him on all. To his mind she was the feminine counterpart of the contradictory man in Martia's epigram. He explained this after his own fashion to Mrs. Conway.

"I don't like her, and yet I do like her, mother," he said, one day, when Matty had been particularly aggravating. "She sets my teeth on edge with her slang one minute, and charms me in spite of myself the next."

"She is full of contradictory qualities," replied Mrs. Conway, who always agreed with her idol Leonard.

"I never met with the species before, so I can't classify her," said Leonard, in a vexed tone. "She puts me in mind of Heine's Sphinx. Her mouth caresses, her claws wound."

"Don't be shocked, mother. I only speak figuratively. You wouldn't like her for a daughter-in-law, I suppose?" he added, looking up suddenly.

"No, I certainly should not," answered his mother, decisively. "She would not make you happy."

"Oh, yes, she would—for a minute, and the next put me out of temper. But let me leave her to her mother; my head can look after her heart."

"I wish you would marry Isabella Montroy," said Mrs. Conway, plaintively. "She is such a thoroughly good girl."

"And such a thoroughly dull girl," retorted Conway. "No, thank you, mother; I don't want to go to the other extreme. If I could only find the happy medium between Matty and Miss Montroy I should select an ideal wife. The vivacity and beauty of the one would go excellently with the pure English and good breeding of the other. But I am not likely to find such a combination," he finished, with a sigh.

In point of fact he was more attracted by Matty than he chose to acknowledge, even to himself. She filled a void in his life, if not in a satisfactory manner, at least in a way which showed him that he could never be happy without her. On the other hand he could never be happy with her. Altogether the situation was unsatisfactory. He wished she would depart, then he hoped she would remain. He sought her society one day and resolutely avoided her the next. It was most perplexing.

"I wish she would marry Kendrick and go away," said Leonard in bitterness. "Those sort of girls always want a title. Kendrick would just suit her, and yet who could wish her tied to such an idiot?"

This was unjust. Lord Kendrick was shallow, but by no means an idiot. He was not cultured, but he held his own in all outdoor sports. He could shoot, fish, ride and row admirably; moreover his skill at billiards was phenomenal, and he could think exceedingly well. If not an Adonis he was at least good looking. That evening Matty spoke about him to her cousin. She could hardly fail to see that both men were in love with her; therefore, she played off one against the other in her usual fashion. The comedy amused her greatly.

There was a ball taking place at the First. From far and near the provincials came to partake of Kendrick's hospitality. He was greatly liked and respected in his county, and had in him the making of a future lord lieutenant. Looking at the brilliant throng of his friends in the ballroom and knowing how popular he was with them all, confident in the possession of money, health, good looks and youth, he should have been supremely happy. Yet he was the reverse at this minute, for Matty was playing at her wiles at the elbow. Alternately she shocked and charmed him. At one moment he could be kissed her, the next he felt a mad desire to shake her thoroughly. Matty guessed the duality of his feelings, and perversely accentuated her assumed manner. She impaled her victim on a pin and watched him writhe with complacent satisfaction. "Sweet is revenge, especially to women," who dare deny Byron's knowledge of the sex?

Lord Kendrick's spy in the leg line, it is often the meanest thing a newspaper or a person can do. It is easily possible for a truth to do more harm than a lie. We believe the worst habit of the worst newspapers is hunting up and printing truths that are not called for by any public interest, and the effect of whose publication is to bring shame and some times ruin upon individuals or families.

"I guess you don't like my taste, or anything else American."

"I beg your pardon. I was rude. You know I like you, Cousin Matty."

Miss Kierman measured off an inch on her fan to illustrate her next remark.

"You don't cotton to me that much," said she, solemnly. "I'm not your style, Cousin Leonard."

"Can I get you any refreshment?" said Leonard, determined not to be drawn into an argument.

"H'm! I'm pretty crowded, but I can squeeze another vice," Her slang grated on Leonard's ears. Matty saw his repugnance to her

imagery, and smiled behind her fan. Unfortunately it was transparent, and Leonard saw the smile.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, as she elbowed their way to the supper room.

"At your gettin' on stilts," she retorted, coolly. "Sakes alive! You's as prim as a schoolma'm."

"I evidently do not find favor in your eyes," he said, in a piqued tone. "Of course, I'm not Lord Kendrick."

"I guess that's so. He makes things hum here," she said, smiling.

"Shall I—er—spread myself?" asked Leonard, delicately.

Matty paused with a spoonful of ice on its way to her mouth and laughed gaily.

"You're not that sort. My, you are stiff! Why don't you marry that Montroy girl? She's your style."

"She is not my style," rejoined Leonard, with some heat. "I prefer infinitely to be with you."

"If that's a pop it's no go."

"What do you mean, Matty?" he asked, indignantly taken aback.

"I mean that I'm going to hook a lord."

"You need not put it so plainly, at all events," said Leonard, with strong displeasure. "My remark was not a pop, as you call it. Let me take you back to the ballroom."

This passage of arms thus terminating, Conway resolutely evaded his cousin for the rest of the night. The bitter-sweet pleasure to be obtained by dancing at her heels was becoming so necessary to him as to be dangerous. In vain he told himself that he was full of imperfections, that he could not possibly be happy with so capricious a wife, that she would be a playing for his health, that he would be mortally jealous of Kendrick, and was positively offensive to that well-meaning young man for daring to hint that he admired Matty.

"I call Miss Kierman positively ripping!" said Kendrick, as they sat in a corner of the smoking room. "She understands a fellow so well I think you were very difficult of comprehension, Kendrick."

"Oh, I don't mind your sarcasms, Conway," replied the young man, good humoredly. "I know you are cleverer than I am. I could never come within miles of you, either at Eton or Christchurch, but at least I know as much about women as you do."

Leonard knew that Kendrick's career had been anything but creditable since he had left college and felt inclined to retort sharply. Happily his position as host and a sense of good breeding restrained him from such folly. He merely nodded his head and smoked on in grim silence, while Kendrick rambled aimlessly on.

"You'll marry one of those advanced women, I dare say, Conway. I can't bear 'em. There was one after me the other day who talked astronomy. She said the stars were ruled by the law of attraction, and that human beings were like stars. I saw pretty well what she meant and got away from her. She didn't attract me."

"Does Miss Kierman attract you?"

"I should just think so," replied Kendrick, with simple enthusiasm. "She can talk to a fellow about things he knows. I like the way she puts things, don't you?"

"If you refer to her American expressions I don't."

"Oh, you're so particular, Conway. A man can't be always talking by the book. I like Miss Kierman's way of talking and I like her. We jump together."

"That's one of her elegancies, I presume."

"Yes. Good, isn't it? Oh, she's no end of fun. How long does she stay in England?"

"Till next August, I believe. She wants to have a season in town."

"I'm glad of that," said Kendrick, half to himself; "there'll be a chance for me."

By this remark Leonard knew that his friend contemplated matrimony. The idea displeased him greatly. He could not make up his mind to marry his cousin himself, yet he did not relish seeing her the wife of another. There was a good deal of the dog in the manger about Leonard at that time. He knew that from a worldly point of view he had no chance against Kendrick, and felt enraged that she might choose to accept the young lord. Perhaps his doubts might have been set at rest had he heard Matty talking to Mrs. Dawson in the seclusion of her bedroom.

"Of course, when Julia Scheveningen told me of your absurd plot I disapproved of it," said the latter, "and I do so more to this day. You ought to show yourself in your true colors."

"No, I shan't do that!" said Matty, obstinately. "I came here with a certain purpose, and I intend to carry it out. Leonard must be punished for the opinion he expressed to you about me."

"I wish Julia had not shown you that foolish letter, Matty. I suppose you don't intend to act this slangy part all your life?"

"Certainly not. When I make Leonard propose to me, slang and all, I'll tell the truth."

"He'll never propose to you in such a character."

"Oh, yes, he will. He's on the high road to a proposal now."

"So is Lord Kendrick," said Mrs. Dawson, mischievously. "He has a title, and," interrupted Matty, "he's a very nice and kind, but, oh, so dull. Leonard is worth a dozen of him."

"I believe you love your cousin."

Matty made no reply, but pushed Mrs. Dawson out of the room. In her heart she was weary of the ridiculous comedy she was playing, and longed to show Leonard that she was not a slangy, fast piece of vivacity, but a clever, cultured and well-bred girl. Yet, with inconceivable obstinacy, she persisted in wearing the mask. But even if she did not, she would not. "I believe I'll marry him, after all," she said, crossly, and went to bed.

[To be Continued To-morrow.]

As to Truth-Telling.

Washington Post.

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## LIVESTOCK MARKETS

CATTLE STEADY TO WEAKER, WITH A VERY DIFFERENT DEMAND.

Hogs in Fair Demand and About Five Cents Lower—Sheep Steady—Condition of Other Markets.

UNION STOCKYARDS, INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 4.—Cattle—Receipts, 750; shipments small. The receipts of cattle are only fair, but, of course, on account of the condition of the market, liberal receipts are not expected. For the week ending last night the receipts were 50 smaller than the corresponding time a year ago. The receipts to-day were about 50 smaller than a week ago and about 50 smaller than a year ago. A large number of cattle received were not on the market, as they were considerably below the average at this time in the week for some time past. There was also quite a scarcity of desirable kinds and, altogether, the conditions were neither favorable to buyers nor sellers. The market was in demand from outside sources, and the competition between local dealers was below normal. There was an outlet for the desirable butcher cows and heifers at former prices, but medium grades sold slowly and unevenly. The market for fat steers continues to be a puzzle to all dealers. Most of this class of cattle are selling so far below the expectations of owners that it is with the greatest difficulty that sales are made, and transactions are so irregular that nobody can tell in advance of the next day's sale to believe that there will be a further reduction in price, and the advice to shippers to be very careful in buying in the country is general. Good to choice steers, 1.20 to 1.30; heavy, 1.10 to 1.20; medium, 1.00 to 1.10; light, 90 to 1.00. Choice feeding steers, 1.00 to 1.10; heavy, 90 to 1.00; medium, 80 to 90; light, 70 to 80. Good to choice hogs, 1.00 to 1.10; heavy, 90 to 1.00; medium, 80 to 90; light, 70 to 80. Good to choice sheep, 1.00 to 1.10; heavy, 90 to 1.00; medium, 80 to 90; light, 70 to 80. Good to choice calves, 1.00 to 1.10; heavy, 90 to 1.00; medium, 80 to 90; light, 70 to 80. Good to choice lambs, 1.00 to 1.10; heavy, 90 to 1.00; medium, 80 to 90; light, 70 to 80. Good to choice kids, 1.00 to 1.10; heavy, 90 to 1.00; medium, 80 to 90; light, 70 to 80. Good to choice goats, 1.00 to 1.10; heavy, 90 to 1.00; medium, 80 to 90; light, 70 to 80. Good to choice ponies, 1.00 to 1.10; heavy, 90 to 1.00; medium, 80 to 90; light, 70 to 80. Good to choice mules, 1.00 to 1